

THE
HEROINÆ:

OR
The lives

OF
ARRIA,
PAULINA,
LUCRECIA,
DIDO,
THEUTILLA,
CYPRIANA,
ARETAPHILA.

by George Rivers

LONDON, *Hyde*
ed by R. Bishop, for John Colby,
are to be sold at his Shop under the
ings head Tavern, at Chancery-
lane end in Fleet-Street. 1639.

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J. Russell P. L.
Greenhill
Paisley
10 March 11

Shakespeare and Milton
George Rivers, the author
probably the Rivers of
of Milton's "Vocal
Exercise".
Here has phrasing
from Shakespeare

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TO
The true Heroine
Lady, the Lady
DOROTHY
SYDNEY,

The HEROINÆ are
humbly presented
by

G. RIVERS,

*To receive Fame
from her Favour.*

Madam,

 Hat I approach
so faire a
Shrine with
so course an Offering;
A 2 ac-

The Epistle

accuse not my unworthinesse, but your owne worth ; which like a Load-star is pleas'd to attract the coursest mettle , to make knowne her power. Were it not a prophanation to sunder that symmetrie of Vertue and Beautie, (pieces, of which you are the whole, and which worthily beget wonder and love ; I might aspire to levell prayses to some few particulars : but since such a disunion cannot bee made
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Dedicatorie.

by a weake pen, without cracking or disordering the goodliest frame of Nature; Madam. you must give mee leave onely to admire you in great, as the great Subject of all admiration. If in writing You, I fall short of sense; it is Love: if I overreach it; it is Wonder: so is sense and language oppress'd. or heightned by the Subject that admits no meane. Madam, if this Pamphlet of You rise in the
A 3 opi-

The Epistle

*opinion of the World, it
 is You; if it fall, it is
 I; I, that have batter'd
 my braines against as
 great a miracle as the
 Philosophers stone. If
 you please to receive it
 with a favour answerable
 to the ambition it is
 offer'd, I shall account it
 the greatest honour that
 can bee done to him, in
 whose esteem (Madam)
 You are the first and last
 of these Stories; the un-
 parallel'd Lady DORO-
 THY SYDNEY, the incō-
 parable ARETAPHILA.*

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ARRIA.



Wilest the Roman State was govern'd, or rather mangled between the Fencer, the Fidler, the Jugler, and the Player, liv'd *Cecinna Pætus*, sometimes Consull, a man every way worthy that high title, of a Spirit moulded for great designs, that would breake through all interruptions to advance his Honour: Hee, a faithfull friend to *Scribonianus*, in whose fa-

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ction he had engaged his
 life and fortunes ; after
 his overthrow was taken
 prisoner by the Souldiers
 of *Claudius Nero*. When
 hee was taking Ship , (*a
 Triumph for Rome*) he de-
 sired the Officers that
Arria his Wife might ac-
 companie him ; holding
 it a grand discourtesie,
 since shee had shared his
 prosperous fortunes , to
 deny her his miseries : but
 the Souldiers, of men the
 best studied in crueltie,
 were more ambitious to
 tyrannize over his mind
 (the greater Triumph)
 than his body ; and well
 advised how sorrowes are
 substracted by being divi-
 ded, denied his most pas-
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sionate prayers, and hoisted saile. Many of them were flies engendred from his heat, who now fled him as an inhospitable clyme, too cold to nourish flattery. They beheld him as one whose misfortunes were infectious, not to bee sympathiz'd; or as a Rock that stands the shock of the impetuous Wind, to ruine those that touch it.

Adversity is the true touchstone of Vertue and Friendship; Friendship followes the good fortune, but Vertue the bad. That calmenesse of mind which attends some high fortunes, is grounded rather upon Policie than Vertue: hee that swels

when he is full, intends to break himselfe; who then will be proud when he is prosperous? As it is an argument of baseness to be elated; so it is true magnanimity, not to be dejected. Friendly offices, like Rivulets to the Ocean, are tributes reflecting to the fortunes, not the men: let these once decline, the other like Frie will swimme against the sinking streame: or like Mice, shelter themselves from the approaching storme. So *Patrus* outliv'd his happinesse, and his friends: onely his deare *Arria*, having hired a Fish-boar, followed along by the Shore of *Sclavonia*; so
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noble was her piety; as if
shee did congratulate
those extremities, as the
tryall of that unshaken
faith, that well-knit affe-
ction, not to bee ravel'd
from her *Patus* by the
strongest battery of for-
tune. With so meane ad-
vantage as one small Bark,
so small attendance as
one mean Fisherman, no
Saile but Resolution, no
Pilot but that high Spirit
that threatned destinie,
and dar'd the utmost pow-
er of Fate, shee imbarqu'd
her selfe into the dangers
of the Seas. When shee
was arriv'd at Rome, and
in the Emperours pre-
sence, *Iunia* the Widow
of *Scribonianus*, chiefe

partner in her captivity,
 did familiarly accost her:
 to whom with words
 made for disdain, shee
 made reply; dost thou
 live, (said shee) shame of
 our sexe, and monument
 of our shame! Thou, in
 whose armes *Scribonianus*
 thy Husband was slaine!
 What stands between thee
 and death, now hee is re-
 moved that hindred thy
 prospect? Unworthy wo-
 man, that prizest loathed
 life above thine honour,
 and lovest thy selfe above
 thy Lord! *Arria*, thy
 courage (said *Iunia*) is ill
 plac'd: the Gods that
 sent us hither, gave us life
 as their greatest blessing,
 not to be appropriated to
 our

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our selves, but communicated to our friends and Countrey; if wee should live onely to our selves, wee should live onely to undoe all; since this great All subsists by each particular: is then the whole of us our owne, when the least part of us is not onely ours? Grant our lives were intirely ours; yet are they not of that small consequence, that like our clothes wee may deuest us of them when our misguided fancies tell us they are out of fashion. Then if *Scribonianus* (to whose departed soule thou slanderest my affection) had held an end like this, an end of misery, or a way to

happinesse and honour ;
 hee had counsel'd mee to
 die, and had not liv'd him-
 selfe to have been slaine.
 Fond Woman (replyed
Arria) how thine owne
 arguments condemn thee?
 If the Gods give us life as
 their greatest blessing,
 then surely blessednesse is
 the quality and vertue of
 life : when they withdraw
 this, they call us (if our
 faint soules could heare
 them) nay, even nature
 her selfe whispers to us to
 bee gone to some better
 place. If our Friends and
 Countrey have part, or all
 of us, to whom do we be-
 long, if they discard us ?
 must wee live wretched
 till the decay of nature
 doth

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doth remove us? So patiently the poor silly Cot-
tager awaites the good
houre his house shall fall
upon his head. If *Scrito-*
nianus thy Husband had
not dyed honourably in
the Camp, (so great an o-
pinion have I of his Ver-
tue) hee had dyed as ho-
nourably in his Tent: but
when thou leav'st the
World, the World shall
not leave to say of thee,
that *Iunia* outliv'd her
Vertue, and her Love di-
ed sooner then her selfe.

The Emperour by these
passages perceiv'd where-
to shee tended, that shee
would live no longer then
till shee had a power to
die; cominanded her to

be streightly guarded: but
this restraint was rather a
spur then a bridle to her
actions travelling to fame:
for shee enraged that her
death was denyed her,
flung out of the Chaire
where shee sate, and vio-
lently ranne her head a-
gainst the Wall, with
which blow, shee much
wounded, fell into a dead-
ly swoone: but as soon as
her keepers had recall'd
the unwelcom'd life to
her, the life that griev'd
her, not that it was gone,
but returned; she thus be-
spake them: You see how
vainly you imploy your
care to keep a prisoner
that will be free; you may
make mee die with more
paine,

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paine, and lesse honour;
but not to die at all, this
is beyond your power:
whilst I wear a hand com-
manded by a heart that
knowes no feare, I shall
not despaire of death, nor
shall I long protract a
loathed breath in such
wretched times that make
life but the nursery of sor-
rowes, and seminary of
misfortunes. Some few
dayes she wasted in com-
forting, and condoling
with her friends the gene-
rall calamities wherein
the most vertuous were
involv'd, under that mon-
ster of men, *Nero*, then ty-
rannizing. Then she re-
tired into *Pætus* lodging,
and there thus spake her
last:

last : The soule imprison'd in a necessity of being miserable, must break through all fence of nature into an honourable end. This very precept nature her selfe imprimeth in us ; shee denyeth not the iron-bound Slave a death to free him from the toylsome Oare ; doth she deny the Sun-scorch'd Pilgrim his nights sleep ? no, nor the world-beaten man his eternall rest. Surely then, shee allowes us to shake off her interest, when we are sunke below her succour. *Petrus*, thy life is not link'd to nature, but to fame ; fall then by thine owne sword, and thy spirit wound up in thine ho-

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honour, mounts to the Palaces of the immortall Gods : If thou faintest under so brave a resolution, or enviest thy selfe the glory of thy end; know, that ere two dayes expire, thou thy selfe expest : but how? by whose hands? beheaded by a base hangman, offered up a tame sacrifice to insatied tyranny. Awake the Roman in thee ; shall high *Petrus* (whom when the World unworthy of his Vertue, ingratefully flung off) claspe broken hopes and fortunes, to save himselfe with the shipwrack of his fame? shall hee, to whom thousand servile necks did bow, stoop to the baseness

nesse to beg life, while his
 death is in his hands ?
Cato and *Scipio* (whom
 this age is more prone to
 adore then admire) held
 it not honourable to begg
 life , though they might
 expect more from *Cæsars*
 Vertue. But what canst
 thou hope for from a Ty-
 rant abjur'd by all the Ver-
 tues, one that approves
 nothing in Sovereigntie
 but Power, and that gui-
 ded by Passion to insati-
 ate revenge ? Then (as if
 shee had distrustd her
 Husbands spirit) shee
 drew out the poyniard
 from his side : *Patrus*, (said
 shee) how I have not en-
 tertain'd life, nor death but
 for thy sake, this last act
 of

She
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 out
 the
 poyniard

of honour be my witnesse.
Doe this *Pætus*: then she
plung'd the dagger into
her heart, and having
drawne it out, shee deli-
vered it to him againe;
trust my departing breath,
Pætus, (said shee) not the
wound it gives mee, but
thee, afflicts mee. There
died the noble *Arria*,
there did that soule flie
to eternity; that soule
that was too great to owe
her liberty to any power
but to her owne. *Pætus*
blushing to be indebted
to a president for his
death, especially his
Wife; took to him the
dagger that was so lately
guiled in his *Arria's*
bloud, and with these
words

words hastned to his end.
Had fortune answered my
resolution, and crown'd
my enterprize with hap-
pinesse; I had entered
Rome, envied by the most
noble, not pitied by the
basest. I now see how the
successe of humane af-
fares depends not upon
valour, but uncertaī fates;
and our actions elevated
by the height of spirit,
do but intrench us deeper
into misery. But though
I am bereft of all the ad-
vantages of fortune, and
of honour: yet am I Ma-
ster of a mind unconquer-
ed; over which nor Tyran-
nie nor Fate shall tri-
umph. Then embracing
her dead, hee sigh'd, and
said,

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said ; Pardon, blest spirit,
my too long absence from
thee ; I have borrowed
this little leave of life but
to admire thy Vertue ,
which being above my
wonder, I must soare unto
that height where it is as-
cended, to search out her
true perfection : Pardon
my soule that she ascends
not to thee in an extasie ;
faine would shee : but this
dagger claimes her liber-
ty that gave thee thine.
Then he thrust it into his
heart, and there the dag-
ger acted his last and most
faithfull service ; slew his
Master.

Pro

Pro Arria.

THE first Being tyed
 the first two into one,
 and formed two different
 sexes into one body, and one
 soule ; the bodies by alter-
 nate use so proprietated, not
 to one, but both : the soules
 so sympathizing in affecti-
 ons and in passions, as both
 became one to both. They
 that keep this mystery invi-
 olable, know no outward re-
 spects of power to divide
 them into two: If Pætus be
 unhappy, Arria is unfortu-
 nate : Pætus is doom'd to
 die ; and shall Arria live to
 see him slaine ? Hath hee
 outliv'd his hopes, and can
 shee hope to outlive him ?

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But why would she die? was
 the feare of the Emperours
 cruelty mingled in her
 cause? what feares she that
 feares not death? what Em-
 perour is cruell to her that
 dares die? what cruelty is
 to be parallel'd to that which
 bereft her of her life? It was
 Pætus slew her; Pætus?
 had Arria liv'd, Pætus had
 not slaine himselfe; there-
 fore Arria died: died be-
 cause Pætus should die: Oh
 unheard of cruelty! oh un-
 parallel'd affection! Ar-
 ria died because Pætus
 could not live. Pætus by
 death redeem'd himself from
 what was worse than death;
 from torture: Arria re-
 deem'd her honour, and her
 Pætus from torture, and
 dis-

dishonour. Fortune made her miserable, that Vertue might make her happie: her faith so firmly tyed her love, that death could not undo it with her life. Her fortunes were so ingrafted in her Rætus, that with his they did bud, flourish and wither. Her life was fastned to his strings of life: with him she liv'd, with him she died.

Contra Arriam.

THrough what forbidden pathes doth passion hurrie us, when once our reason is unseated! Arria would die rather then bee led in triumph: did death redeem her? No; death was but for-

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fortunes headsmen to execute her she had condemn'd. The Emperors power extended no farther then to afflict her withred body: not able to endure this weak revenge, shee yeelded up her mind a triumph to her fortune, and her selfe unto her sorrow. If feare did not surprize her, then engag'd in Pætus treason, she was her own wrack and torture, scorning all Executioners but her self. who then condemns her death, when it was due to justice? But what law exacts of her this justice? The Gods forbid her to kill another, much more her self, being nearer to her selfe than any other. Nature by her law claims life, as her due debt,

debt, payable when ſhee demands it. If ſhe died becauſe Pætus ſhould die ; ſhee did but invite him to her rage, not to her vertue. But I think fear, the common defect of Nature in women, deprived her of her life : for death appeared ſo accoutred in the terrours of wrack and hangman ; that ſhe died for fear of death.

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PAULINA.

Lucius Annaeus Seneca the Philosopher, and Tutor to Nero the Emperour, was Lord of great Revenues, to which his vertue, not his fortune was his title; his mind was richly embroydered with all the studied ornaments of learning; a good part of his life hee exercised in the Court, where while the Princes ears were open to Philosophy, his heart and hand were both ungent to him; his favour and his noble-

noblenesse, like rivalls, striv'd which should with most devotion serve their Sovereigne : but when debauchery usurp'd upon the Emperour, the Tutor was devanced and disgraced. In all these extremities *Seneca* in himself was so well poiz'd, that neither the greatnesse of fortune could bribe him into riot, the height of knowledge into pride, nor the Courtier into flattery : nor did he know any man great enough to make him lesse ; nor could his mind, which Philosophie had plac'd above the World; decline with fortune. In his old age hee married *Pompea Paulina* a young,

young, faire, and nobly descended Roman Lady, a Lady of that worth, that no Roman but hee that did enjoy her, did deserve her. *Nero* having let loose the reines of reason, and himselfe to all licentiousnesse, so tyranniz'd, as if he did perswade himselfe that an Emperour was above the Law, and must also bee without it: what his will prescrib'd, his tyranny did execute, and so, as if his actions were accountable to no power but his owne. Among his chiefe and most remarked cruelties, it is not the least hee exprest against his Tutor *Seneca*; to him hee sends his Sa-

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tellites

tellites to denounce his death : the fashion of those times was, when a person of qualitie was condemn'd to die ; hee was allowed the liberty to chuse his death, and a time proportion'd according to the Emperours rage, to dispose of his affaires : but if his revenge flowed so high, that it would brook no delay : then hee enjoyd no time to doe any thing but die : if the condemned resisted his decrees ; then he commonly appointed, that by some slave hee should bee barbarously murdered : but the nobler Romans held it nearer way to honour with their owne hands

his hands to anticipate their
of fates, and in unhappinesse
then staid not the enforcement
itie of tyranny or nature. *Se-*
neca ; with an undaunted
e li- looke receiving the sen-
ath, tence of his death, called
on'd for inke and paper to
npe- write his last Will and
e of Testament ; which the
s re- Captaine denying him,
that he turn'd about, and then
lay: bespake his friends: You
ime see, my loving friends ,
die: (said hee) I cannot gra-
ted tifie your affections with
om- my fortunes: I must there-
that fore leave you my life, and
ould my Philosophy, to enrich
red: your minds with the in-
mans valuable and nere-to-be-de-
ho- priv'd of treasure of pre-
wne cept and example. I shall

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desire you by all the tyes
of friendship, and by the
glory you shall purchase
by it, to endeare my life
and death (which shall
not staine the honour of
my life) unto your memo-
ry: then gently reprov-
ing them who seem'd too sor-
rowfull, hee said; to what
other purpose have I fur-
nished you with precepts
of Philosophie, then to
arme your minds against
the assaults of Fortune?
Is *Nero's* tyrannie un-
knowne to you? What
man is Master of his owne
life under him that massa-
cred his Brother, that
us'd upon his Mother that
cruelty which never yet
knew name? Then hee
turn'd

turn'd him to *Paulina*, in whom sorrow had sweld it selfe so high, that rather then break out, it threatened to break her heart : My Deare, (said hee) I am now going to act what I have long taught ; my houre is come, and nothing so welcome to me as my death ; now I am unloaded of this flesh that clogs my soule, I shall with more ease ascend unto eternity, to enjoy a condition without a change, an happinesse without a period : wherefore, my dearest *Paulina*, forbear thy too immoderate passion, lest thy grief disgrace my end, and thou seem to value my death above

mine honour : enjoy thy youth , but still retaine those seeds of vertue , wherewith thy mind is richly stored : I confesse, for thy sake I could bee content to live , when I consider that in my breast lives a young Lady , to whom my life may bee advantage. *Paulina's* love now raising up her courage, and her courage her dejected spirit ; Think not *Seneca*, (said she) that like your Physitian, I will leave you when the hope of life forsakes you ; but I will follow like your Wife, your fortune. This resolve shall tell you how much your life and doctrine hath availed your
Pau-

Paulina. When can I die well, but then when I cannot live well? When I am bereft of thee, in whom all my joyes are so wealthily summ'd up, that thy losse will make my life my greatest curse; then will I die in honour, and think it fitter for my fame, then linger out my life in sorrow. Trust mee, my *Paulina* (saide *Seneca*) I cannot but admire thy love, knowing from what height of vertue it proceeds: as I will not envie thee thy death; so I wish a glory may await thy end, great as the constancie that advanc'd thee to it. Then he commanded his Surgeon to cut the veins

of both their armes, that they might bleed to death: but *Seneca's* veines, shrunk up through age and abstinence, denied his bloud a speedy course; therefore his thighs were also launced: but lest his pains might insinuate too farre into *Paulina's* torments, and a new addition of sorrow meeting with her losse of bloud, might make her faint, hee sought to mitigate her feares by the discourse of death.

Why should (said he) this monster *nothing* so affright us? while we are living, wee are dying, for life is but a dying being; when we are dead, wee are after death: where then,

OR

or what is death ? It is that inconsiderable atome of time that divides the body from the soule : what is it then in this afflicts us ? Not the rarity, for all the world that is not gone before, will follow us : is it the separation, and tyed to that the jealousie how we shall bee dealt with ? upon this hinge, I confesse, turns the wickeds fear : but the Stoick, whom Philosophy hath taught the art of living well, death frees from misery, and wafts him to the haven of his happinesse. For this necessity of death, wee are bound to thank the Gods; for it redeems from va

worse of being eternally miserable. The separation, as it is naturall, so it is the only meanes conducing to our better being. The body being the corruptible and ponderous part, falls naturally to the earth whence it was first elemented: the soul etheriall gaines by this losse; for being purg'd from the drosse of weight, and of corruption, is made heavens richest ore; so refin'd, that the great Gods image may bee stamp'd upon it, and ascends unto the skies from whence it first descended. Nor doe I hold this dis-junction to be eternal; for when the world by the revolution of times
and

and ages, whirls about into her first *Chaos* , then shall they meet again never to bee fundred. The soul shal be so purified by the immortall Gods: that it shall neither hope, nor feare, nor grieve ; that it shall bee freed from all those discording passions, and affections , that here transport it from it selfe. The body so spirited that it shall know no necessity of nourishment, and therefore no weight, alteration, or mortality. Of great consequence then is death to our wel-being; since before it wee can account none happy ; we see it end all miseries; we see it make none miserable ; why then should

should we feare it, or condemne it? What have the wisest thought it, but the Port wee all must touch? He that scarce arrives at half a man hath as little to quarrell at his fate, as hee that in a weeke reacheth his haven, whereas by the troubled winds he might bee bound up in the more troubled seas a year. Nor is hee that is his owne death, being condemn'd to die, shipwrack'd even at the very shoare: for honour and the Emperour allow the liberty, and to die by the most abject of men, an hangman, is to die dishonourable. For this boone I gratulate the Gods: but more that they are

are pleas'd to call the perfect *Seneca* unto their joyes, the *Seneca* that hath not yet outliv'd himselfe, nor return'd into his infancy. There *Paulina*, not through feare (knowing none but what proceeded from her love) but through decaying nature fainted; therefore *Seneca* taking his leave caus'd her to be remov'd into the next chamber. In *Seneca* all these incisions were not of force to force out life; he therefore commanded his Physitian to poyson him; but wanting naturall heat to convey it to his heart, the poyson was rather a nourishment then a destruction to his nature: then

then he was laid in warme bathes, by this forc'd heat the poyson in his full source, and violence ragged in his witherd body. While he had life he discour'd freely of life and death; his end approaching, all bloudy in his bath hee bath'd his head, and said, *I vow this to Iupiter the Deliverer*; Nature at the last conquerd by those strong assaults, yeelded up her Fort (which weaknesse had so long fortified) to death her common enemy. So liv'd the famous *Seneca*, and so hee died that with the Gods his soul's immortaliz'd, with the world his fame.

Nero informed of Paulina

lina for whom hee seem'd much troubled : for though pitie had no entrance at his yron breast : yet feare the Tyrants tyrant told him that her death (being one of the most nobly allyed in Rome) would make his tyranny and hate the greater :. hee therefore sent with all possible speed to recall her life now posting to her stage, and entering the dark confines of death. Her servants receiving the command unbound her , and clos'd up her incisions, she more than halfe dead, devoyd of sense, thus against her will return'd unto her life, and very honourably : for
that

that of life shee lost, did
witness to the world, that
nothing but want of pow-
er restrain'd her from her
death.

Pro Paulina.

PAulina, when Seneca
was condemn'd to die,
would die her selfe. Was e-
ver constancie rais'd high-
er in a womans breast? She
did not die, there shee ex-
prest the true valour that
derives it selfe from vertue,
and that spirit that issues
from the truest honour. That
shee would, but could not die,
are both Nero's act; that
shee could live, or die, her
owne. That she was Mistris
of

of her fortune, witnesse that
shee did live; how shee valu-
ed her Husbands death,
that shee would die. Fame
and vertue did both attend
her in the progresse of her
actions: had she died, it had
been thought the wretched
times had interest in her
end: but in her life shee
conquer'd the extremities of
life and death. The rule
of vertue ties us to live so
long as we ought, not as we
list: then is the fittest time
to die, when we can live no
longer. To die, is at the
height but like a Roman:
but to dare to live when life
is tedious, this is as much a-
bove the Roman, as the
true substance of vertue, that
false shade of honour. Had
shee

*Shee then died, she had acted
but the Roman: but she liv'd
to exceed the noblest of all
Romans, but her selfe.*

Contra Paulinam.

WHEN revolted shee
from her resolve,
when Seneca himself allow-
ed it? Did hee teach her so
to live that shee durst not
die? or did shee distrust his
happinesse that shee would
not follow him? Shee had
too much of death to have
more, and those pangs so
much endeared her to her
life, that she would live at a-
ny rate, rather then break
through fleeting torments
into honour. While Seneca
was

*was yet alive, she was dying ;
he dead, she return'd to life :
was her life vowed to him,
when his death reviv'd her ?
Nero call'd her back ; the
greater was her shame to
take Sanctuary in her Hus-
bands murtherer. Sure death
was far more terrible then
Seneca did speak it: she fled
to a most inhumane Tyrant
for protection. Seneca did
not force her to die, nor Ne-
ro to live ; one day gave her
her liberty : she had as much
strength, as life ; and that
little power she could use, was
able to force out that little
life she did detain. She would
dy, in the extremity of sorrow
for her husbands fate: but she
did live to repent her both of
her sorrow, and her death.*

LVCRE-

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LUCRECE.

When *Rome*, in
the glory of her
active Spirits,
had prest out
her youth more ambi-
tious of honour than life;
for the common exploit,
the siege of *Ardea*: *Sex-
tus Tarquinius* entertain'd
the night with the Ro-
man Nobility in the pride
of luxury and riot: The
ruines of Kingdomes were
sacrificed to *Bacchus*, the
sea and land plow'd up to
appease ingenuous glut-
tony. They, as frolick as
youth,

youth, and wine that made them so; unlock the treasures of their hearts, their Wives, and their beauties, to the admiration of unsound eares: But *Collatine* the most justly prodigall of his Wives fame, tels them; nor *Italy*, nor the World holds her, that stands in parallell of wonder with the faire and vertuous *Lucrecia*. *Tarquin* divided between astonishment and rage, that *Collatine* his servant, should be his Sovereigne in happinesse: mounted upon the wings of lust and fury, flies to *Rome*, where his eyes having encountred the Idoll of his heart, and he the noone of night to enjoy

enjoy it ; with his sword
and taper breaks into her
chamber , into her pre-
sence : shee affrighted at
the sword, and blasted by
the light that lust gave
life to, trembling like a
prey with more horreur
then attention, hears him
thus bespeak her. Madam,
wonder not at my unlookt
for arrivall at *Collatium* ,
or at this visit so unseaso-
nable : but applaud the
wonder of your beauty; the
silent night will speak my
purpose, when in my rest-
lesse bed a flame kindled
from your fair eyes burn'd
through my soule , con-
sum'd my Countries ser-
vice, my hopes of honour,
then which nothing but
your

your faire selfe is so near
unto my thoughts. Let
not the slave Fear intrude
upon your princely breast,
nor this Steele divorce
those Roses from the Li-
lies, drawne to hew out
a way through all obsta-
cles, to encounter Para-
dise. The same love that
arm'd those eyes with
Lightning, armes these
hands with Thunder; bids
them grapple with great
Iove, were hee rivall in my
affection. This night I
must enjoy thee *Lucretia*,
or on thy name engrave
an infamy, that Time, nor
Times heire, Eternity, shal
ne're devoure: If thou
move or hand, or voice
for ayd; thy groome I'll
slay

slay with thee; then fling
his loathed trunk on
thine, and sweare I found
him fast manacled in thy
embraces: cease then to
bee faire, or to bee cruell,
and returne me the Prince
ravish'd from mee, by the
all commanding beauties
that attend thee. The sin
unknown is unacted, nor
shall the sovrest vertue
mis-read those blushes the
liveliest pieces of inno-
cence. Accuse not Na-
ture of tyranny, she made
not so delicate an object
to tempt, but satisfie the
appetite: yeeld then; or
this sword must enter that
adamant, from whence all
pitie is barakado'd. She
conjur'd with this tyran-

D

ny

ny of complement, with
as undistracted words as
could bee pump'd from
the deepest confusion of
thoughts, makes her re-
ply.

Renowned Sir, let true
pitie as really enter your
eares, as false is banished
mine. In *Tarquines* shape
I entertain'd you ; wrong
not the Prince so farre, as
to prostrate his fame to
so inglorious an action ;
hee that hath the eyes of
all *Rome* fix'd on his ver-
tues, and must hereafter
look like a Prince in Sto-
ry, shall hee have all his
glories sullied by the
conquest of a woman ?
Shall he bee read King of
all the Romans but him-
selfe?

selfe? wanting this Sovereignty, all his honours shall be buried in his infamy: Then punish Great Sir, the Traitor to your vertue, this face; teare it to a loathing; so shall you appease the lewd rebellion of your bloud, and make your victories, still ending in your selfe, discourse for all posterity. But if you are conquer'd by your lust, you shall revenge your worth in her dishonour, who shall not be unpitied of men, or unrevenge'd of the Gods. This said, shee wept the rest. But he not daunted at that majesty of sorrow that sate inthron'd in crystal, nor at her words that

would charme the most
inhumane : but rather
whet, then refin'd in passi-
on, unloads his lust, and
with the night posts un-
discover'd to *Ardea*. No
sooner had the Morne un-
chain'd the prisoners of
the Night, and spread his
light (welcome both to
miserable and happie)
through the vast regions
of the Skies ; that light
that was so lovely to her,
because it came to light
her to her end : but shee
sends to *Ardea* for *Colla-
tine* and *Brutus*, her Hus-
band and Uncle. Long
before the day was fled
into the other world, they
at *Collatium* did arrive.
First they saw her face
stand

stand in that amazed silence, that they could read, not heare the full contents of sorrow; they in that expected some great cruelty had been us'd upon her, which had depriv'd her of the tongue to tell it. But this silence was but a pause in her great soule, whether shee might stoop to that wretched body, as to borrow those organs which commonly conveigh our friends calamities into our eares: but lest shee should detaine them too long lock'd up in wonder, hasting to her ease, shee unbent her soule, and gave vent unto her sorrow.

Fortune, (said shee)

D 3

hast

hast thou now hit the
marke thou hast long
aym'd at, my poor heart;
take to thee now thy tri-
umph, and leave mee to
my injur'd vertue. *Brut-*
us and *Collatine*, you are
come from *Ardea* to hear
the storie that will break
my heart ere I am deli-
vered of it; should I tru-
ly tell you how low I
am ramm'd in miserie, I
should bee farre too low
for you to pitie mee, un-
lesse your love should
lead you to dishonour.
In what Court shall I ap-
peale to justice? The
grand Gods act, and li-
cence what I suffer: the
household Powers are not
of power to keep their
Laws

Lawes inviolate. Shall
I addresse, mee to the
King? his owne Sonne
hath dishonourd mee: to
him I would appeale,
would hee revenge his
guilt, as I mine innocence;
then would I speak him
a true Prince; when to
advance his justice high-
er then his sinne; he made
her way through parricide
and treason to her
power. But hee loves his
lust too well to loath
his life; of him I cannot
expect justice who
hath injur'd mee, nor of
you mercie whom I have
injur'd: I have tainted
your bloud with mine
owne. *Tarquin* hath conquer'd
this body, *Lucre-*

cia this mind. You true Romans *Brutus* and *Collatine*, in whom my life was truly happy, I conjure you by all the eyes of blood, love, and religion, be as cruell to *Tarquinius*, as hee to *Lucrece*, shee to her selfe, who with bold steele carves on her breast the Tragedie that shall stagger the piety, or awake the pitié of all posteritie. Her life and language had both this period; for having tyed their vowes to her revenge, her soule too pure for her bodie, disclogg'd it selfe of clay, and broke the vault of mortalitie. So riseth day disrob'd of night : so did her

her soule ascend to immortality. It is beyond the art of words to expresse what valiant sorrow, what noble rage, this cruelty of hers had stamp'd upon these two princely breasts. Silence at the instant had tonguetied all language, wonder had pent up all teares, immensitie of furie had transcended all bounds of passion : so much had they to speak, they could not speak ; so great was their sorrow they could not sorrow ; so were all the powers of the soule knit and contracted into the project of revenge, that till they were scattered into their offices,

passion was not discernable; then the object lessened, wonder descended to passion, passion to expression; then discolouring the crimson floud, and with their teares washing her body white as her innocence, they took it on their shoulders, set it in the *Forum*, where *Collatine*, when the Auditory was ripe for his Oratione, bespake the Roman cofluxe. Romans, and Countrimen, this day presents to your wonder a fact of that height of impietie, so degenerating from all humanitie; that in it hell hath plotted the dishonour of this whole nation, this whole age.

age. Were not your affection stronger tied to the Oratour, then the Oratory : I should not hope to perswade you that the breast of man could travell in such a prodigie of exact villany. You see a monument of that miserie that vindicates the pitie of Tygers, or Tyrants : much more of minds ennobled with vertuous actions. The Tragedie (not long to wrack your expectation) I will briefly declare. *Sextus Tarquinius* (I know not with what colourable excuses hee painted his designs) left *Ardea* for *Rome*; honour could not bridle his false furie
of

of affection, nor the publick interest in the State overpoize his private passion; I say, hee posted to *Rome. Rome!* where the Gods have their Temples, the Vertues their Sanctuaries, that thou shouldst breed a Monster to prophane thee! No sooner had hee entred *Rome*, but hee entred my house; where like a Prince, a kinsman, like the happie messenger of *Collatines* happinesse, (oh, that vice should bee so bravely disguis'd!) hee was receiv'd by *Lucrecia*, receiv'd in a bravery of affection too high for the apostate from verue; his face did not discover the false heart

heart that lay in ambush
to surprize her honour,
nor his vertue shew it
selfe, as it was, the staul-
king horse to his covert.
The ceremonies of hos-
pitality finished, hee re-
tires to his lodging,
though not to himselfe;
now when the brother of
death had summon'd to
still musick all but foule
ravishers, theeves, and
cares; with his drawne
sword hee leaps from his
owne, enters *Lucrecia's*
bed, her hee ravisheth.
Shee having possess'd us
with a full relation of her
mis-fortunes: shee Em-
presse of a mind uncon-
quer'd of sinne or for-
row, with this poniard
let

let out the life *Tarquin* had made loathed ; And now O Countrimen awake your Roman vertue, flesh your swords and valours upon the revenge of the proud usurper of publick liberty, the cruell murderer of private innocence : you cannot offer to the Gods a more gratefull sacrifice ; nor will they ever in requittall, forsake that State that forsakes not the defence of vertue.

Such impressiō strikes Thunder upon Oakes , Earthquakes on Mountaines, as *Collatine* on the Roman hearts. Their thoughts were torne, and divided from themselves,

an-

anger boyled into malice
the policie of passion,
both flowed into resolu-
tion : then like an un-
pent torrent from some
high precipice, the multi-
tude violently ran to pre-
cipitate him made high
for a precipice ; which in
the perpetuall exile of
the *Tarquins* was accom-
plish'd.

Pro Lucretia.

THE Roman Story big
with varietie of won-
der, writes *Lucretia* the
female glory : shee forcibly
abus'd by *Tarquin*, de-
clares her innocence to the
which

world, and confirmes it
by her death. There were
two in the act, one in the
sinne; one adulterer, and
one chaste; her body con-
quer'd, her mind truly he-
roicall, not stooping to the
lure of false pleasure; that
remained as untainted, as
unforced. Why dyed shee
being innocent? to bee in-
nocent. Why receiv'd shee
her death from her owne
hands? haply to prevent it
from anothers; then had
shee subscribed to guilt, and
not left life without staine.
For a Roman to outlive ho-
nour was dishonourable,
for her to survive her infamie,
was to act it. Cur-
tius spur'd on by honour,
did ride into the Gulfe.
Re-

Regulus, rather then his
faith, would prostitute him-
selfe to the witty cruelty of
the Carthaginians. To ho-
nour did the three hundred
Fabii sacrifice their lives.
Honour chased the Tar-
quins out of Rome ; but
Lucrece out of life. To
wipe off all thought of guilt
which maligne censure
might imprint upon the act,
she slew her selfe. Hee that
condemnes her for the mur-
der , accuseth her of the
adultery ; life had been her
guilt , whereas death was
her innocence ; through her
life shee made way to her
fame, to which life and for-
tune are slaves, not to be en-
tertained farther then they
tend to her advancement.

I confesse, torne haire and face, and eyes bankrupt of teares, and her owne vertue was of force to possesse the world shee had been ravi- shed without the witnessse of her death: why then died shee? Her shame was too great to bee supported by her life; nor any thing but her death revenged her and all Rome, of the insulting Tarquins. Then Lucrece in the hight of glory sacri- ficed her selfe, as well to the State, as to her inno- cence.

Contra Lucreciam.

W*Hy dyed shee if shee were innocent? why if*

if an adulteresse ? is death
due to innocence, or to adul-
terie ? was it that her crime
was greater then Tarquins,
that shee was slain and bee
banished ? The Roman Law
puts not to death the adul-
teresse; but what law screwd
to tyranny destroyes the in-
nocent ? The body might
be purg'd by the adultery:
not soule of the adultery by
murder. This revenge may
argue chastitie before and
after : but not in the nick
of the act, which yeelding
to some secret enticement,
might staine her thought;
then loathing her selfe for
the act, held death a more
satisfactory revenge then re-
pentance. But, it was Tar-
quins lust staine her : no,
it

it was Lucrece ; if Tarquins lust staine'd her, it was not Tarquins, but her own. The will left free by divine providence, is not constrain'd by humane power. If her will was raviſhed, why doe wee extoll her for murder who died for adultery ? had ſhe ſlaine Tarquin, her act had been no way to be juſtified; but how is this aggravated ? Lucrece is her chaſt and innocent ſelf ; Tarquin her foul raviſher, and greateſt enemy. She then did ſacrifice her life to her honour: could not her inſatiate thirſt of glory bee ſlak'd but by her blood ? was it not unworthy Tarquin to bee her conquerour againſt her wil ? and was it not more unworthy

thy Lucrece, not to endure
the conquerour against her
honour ? Her vertue was
more debased by being en-
slav'd to common praise, then
her selfe to carnall delight.
Had shee kept her mind un-
conquered she had liv'd the
mirrour of women : but her
weaknesse press'd her downe
to die in her despaire, rather
then live after shee was dis-
honoured.

DIDO.



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D I D O.

Belus King of Tyre
 left *Pigmalion* &
Dido heires to
 his Kingdome : but the
 Tyrians as impatient of
 of a Duarchie, as *Pigmali-*
on of a Rivall : yeelded al-
 legeance solely to him
 not of years to write man.
Dido was married to her
 Uncle *Sichæus*, *Hercules*
 Priest : this *Sichæus* the
 sponge of Fortune, filled
 only to be squeeſed ; was
 ſlaine by his Nephew and
 Brother *Pigmalion*. Hee
 a man of treasure vaſt e-
 nough

nough to betray his life,
jealous of the security of
his greatnesse, trusted it
to the earth : but Fame
(the most injurious Hy-
perbole) drew it up (per-
haps greater then it was)
the many fathomes of
earth, where it lay ramm'd
from the eye, not the en-
vie of the Prince. Un-
kind Fortune, that deal'st
with us as the Persian
with their slaves, crownest
us for a Sacrifice ! *Dido*
a Dowager by her Bro-
thers tyranny, begins to
feele a tyranny of sorrow ;
that (had not nature re-
solved to keep perfect as
much of her as was hers)
had made her a Widdow
also to her beauty ; her
faire

faire face clouded with
discontent : but her fairer
soule with no more
passion, then betraid mortality;
shee betakes her to the
malecontented of the Tyrian
Lords. Since Brothers (said
shee) are enemies, let us
seeke to our enemies for
Brothers; since pitie is fled
humane breasts, let us
seeke it (for such a creature
there is, nature tels mee)
among salvages. Though we
cannot expect it from his
nature; yet his youth might
enfeeble him to it: but
his very infancy is a monster;
what then will his riper
yeares produce but the
exile of all humanity?
What distant re-

E spect

spects will hee know that
wades through his owne
bloud to his ends ? if an
innocent Uncle and Bro-
ther be slaine ; if a Sister
be not , where is a Sub-
ject secure ? Miserable
Strato, thou wert a Prince
by thy slave , to beget a
Prince to make slaves of
Princes ! Miserable *Tyre*,
now more oppress'd by
one Tyrant, then before
by a thousand slaves !
Wretched wealth, to thee
quiet poverty is a Prince;
thou hast divorced mee
from my *Sichæus*, thou
hast made mee the foot-
ball of a Tyrant Brother,
toss'd from his Kingdome,
into what unhappy shore
is not yet knowne unto
my

my thoughts. My Lords,
I speake to minds too no-
ble to be stifled in the nar-
row confines of fear : fol-
low your Princeſſe, whoſe
vertue the ſpite of Fortune
ſhall not wrack into de-
ſpaire. Her words pro-
ceeding from the height
and ſweetnes of her mind,
were as great a ſpur as the
hope of liberty to ad-
vance them into action:
then as in a thoughtfull
mind reſreſh'd with wine,
Care it ſelfe keeps her re-
vels : ſo were their
thoughts (before de-
ſtroyed) now liſted to that
pitch, that valiantly af-
fronts the hard affronts
of Fortune ; then with
all ſpeed they rig'd a fleet,

and *Dido* with her treasure, and the Tyrian Lords in the advantage of night hoised saile. The Cyprian was the first shore they touched ; where (as the fashion of the Countrey was) their Virgins were assembled, to sacrifice for their chastities to *Venus* , before their marriage. Fourscore of these untouch'd *Dido* ravisheth from the barbarous sacrifice , and sailes with them into *Affrica* ; where when she was arriv'd, shee purchased as much land of the Inhabitants as might bee covered by an Oxes hide, which cut in thin pieces, made a great extent of ground : but
scarce

scarce to containe a City
two and twenty miles in
compasse. There was the
famous *Carthage* built by
Dido, which after times
dilated into a great Em-
pire. By the consent of
all there was a yearly rent
paid for the land on
which the City was foun-
ded. The concourse of
Affricans (which hope of
gaine brought thither)
was great as their gaine
they received by traffick,
which invited them to
settle themselves there.
The many conspiring
hands in no great space of
time wrought it to a per-
fect Citie : but in the in-
terim, their wealth that
flowed thither in high

time, made *Carthage* the
envie of *Hiarbus* King of
the Mauritanians. Hee
summons ten of the *Car-
thaginian* Princes, and
with them treats of mar-
riage with their Queen;
which if fairely may not
bee obtain'd, hee resolves
to try the force of armes.
Dido hearing this unwel-
come message, desires re-
spite of resolution till the
City was finish'd: which
accomplished, shee in no
wise would yeeld unto
Hiarbus, whom lust linkt
to rage and avarice, had
arm'd against her and his
honour. *Dido* now the
creature which melan-
cholly divorceth from so-
ciety; desires three months
absence

absence from her friends,
whom shee tels she must
goe whither her owne and
the Cities fate did drive
her: in which time a lit-
tle remote from the Ci-
tie, shee erected a stately
Pyre, which having kind-
led, and invok'd *Sichæ-*
us ghost; shee a little
eased her selfe against her
fortune. What a mon-
ster of misery. (said shee)
received life with *Dido*?
The World hath dealt
with mee, as Love with
those it hath distracted;
allowed mee happinesse
but by some short inter-
vals. First I was borne
Princessse of *Tyre*; then by
my Brothers tyranny I
was exil'd; after long con-

flits with the Winds and Seas, I arrived here in *Africa* ; here I built this great *Carthage*, of which I am intitled Queene ; then I thought me plac'd above my envie, or my fate: but as those wretched creatures that are drawne higher, the more to bee strapado'd : so was I made great, great for *Hiarbus* envie ; so was I wound up to the height of happinesse and honour, only to fall never to rise againe. Prosperity and aduersity might bee termed the fever of life, did not our best dayes afflict us more then our worst. In our happinesse, the feares that doe attend it make us miserable ;

ble; the hopes that await
our unhappinesse, make us
happy in our lowest un-
happinesse; which estate
would a wise man chuse,
that which will be better,
or that which will bee
worse? then to be happy,
is to bee miserable. As
the pain of the soule tran-
scends the pain of sense:
so is misery to be valued
above happinesse. For as
what shall be is the greatest
wrack of thought; so *what*
is, is the clearest reliefe,
the clearest satisfaction.
In our height of happi-
nesse we know wee shall
bee, in our lowest misery
wee know wee cannot bee
worse; then to bee mise-
rable is to bee happy. If

I desire felicitie, I desire
misery ; for I rise onely
to fall. If misery, then
happinesse ; this makes
me Fortune's, that makes
Fortune my triumph.
Where is then con-
tent, since banished the
height of State ? If
in the low estate, then
must I seek it in the Wil-
dernesse, and in some-un-
seen Cave waste out
the remnant of my dayes ;
there *Pigmalion* and *Hir-
arbus* follow mee ; there
reignes as great a confu-
sion of thoughts as at the
Court : then welcome
Death, thou didst divorce
mee, thou shalt unite mee
to my Love. Purged from
earth, to the Skies I flie,
and

and intwine my soule for
ever to my lov'd *Sichæus*.
Then she leap'd into the
Pyre, and there consum'd.

The meeting of *Dido*
and *Æneas* (in which *Vir-*
gils Muse hath sweat to
the dishonour of them
both; her for love, him
for ingratitude) is so meer-
ly fabulous, that it is scarce
worth the expence of pa-
per to disprove it, onely
I am bound to vindicate
her honour. *Rome* (as
Eutropius writes) was
built three hundred nine-
tie foure yeares after the
destruction of *Troy*, none
computes the time lesse.
Carthage was built seven-
tie two yeares before *Rome*,
so *Iustine* writes. So there
must

must bee of necessity two hundred yeares betweene the Trojan Prince and the Carthaginian Queen. Seven hundred yeares this Citie stood unconquered; so long they sacrificed to *Dido* as their tutelar Goddesse; at last by *Scipio*, thence called *Africanus*, it was burnt, there their devotion ended with their fortune, and themselves.

Pro Dido.

WAS it the Queen of Carthage, or the Queen of beauty that *Hiarbus* coveted? If Carthage was his end, money was his
ma-

matrimony; if beauty, hee
sought a woman, not a wife;
if a wife, to make his lust
warrantable. Dido in Si-
chæus buried all husband,
in Hiarbus all man. Love
is the good which by being
diffused, is corrupted; shee
that loves one, another, and
a third, takes men in at the
coile, and loves only for her
pleasure. The object of
true love is but one; from
the infancy of time to her
decrepitude the love between
two hath been held most ho-
nourable. Hee that tooke
from the first man his wife,
did not make every rib a
wife; not onely to shew us
how out of the least of num-
bers he could draw infinites
upon infinites: but especi-
ally

ally, that our desires might move within the narrow compasse of love, not expatiate themselves to lust; that as the first man was all the men in the world to his wife: so now the husband should bee the wives Horizon, that where ere shee is plac'd, hee may bee all shee sees. The objects of lust are as various as numerous: as there are lovely beauties, and to attend them, fond desires. The wanton woman darts forth her unruly heats more freely then the lesse-offending Sun his beams; he with the day, in courtesie to nature, withdrawes his fires: shee day and night carries the rage of dog-dayes in her breast, and never sets but
then.

then when shee can rise no more. Dido would not wed Hiarbus, because she thought all nuptiall rites had not their period in Sichæus. Death is the divorce of man and woman, not of husband and wife; that contract flesh ties and unties: but this is that of soules, which eternity cannot undo; it is as immortal as themselves, not dead in being singled from earth, but reviv'd to a greater perfection: if then her soule did intirely love, the soule of her soule must be her only love. But Hiarbus sought lawfull marriage. why did he force it? Dido refused marriage, shee could not love. Marriage to her had been a rape, another had

en-

enjoy'd her against her will:
if a rape must bee avoyded
with the losse of life; through
how many death must she flie
a loathed bed, where every
night she shall be ravished?
Did her vertue attract Hi-
arbus? why did he not covet
her vertue in her prosperi-
ty, as in her misery? He that
hath lost the effect and qua-
lity of vertue in himselfe,
will not value it in another,
and with reason; for her
vertue was his greatest ene-
my; forc'd her chastity so to
whom she had been married,
that like the Phoenix shee
would marry to nothing but
her ashes.

Contra

Contra Didô.

WH^y refus'd ſhe marriage? becauſe it was lawfull, it was not inceſtuons; was it a crime becauſe it was no ſin? Religion and honour allow her to marry Hiarbus; neither Sichæus: hee was a King, a ſtranger; this a Subject, an Vncle. Marriage is the tie of ſtrange blouds, not of the ſame. Nature bids us affect, not love our kindred; in this, affection ſcrew'd to love, is unnaturall: could ſhe then marry Sichæus, and not Hiarbus? did ſhe think the Priſt in Sichæus a warrant for her inceſt, and not the King in Hiarbus for a law-

lawfull contract? Hath the King the liberty to make the Law, and the Priest to transgresse it? Hiabus desires the establisment of the law of Nations; but Sichæus violates the law which Nature wrote within him. The Gods suffer her to outlive her incest: she will murder her selfe rather then entertain a vertuous Love. Hiabus us'd force. why should shee refuse it? The safety of Carthage depended on the marriage: she liv'd to build it, and would die to ruine it. Had shee burnt a Martyr to her Countrey, her act had been too great for Chronicles: but she would die to satisfie her passion, rather then live to preserve the Citie. Her love


love to Sichæus was that
she valued above Hiabus.
Shee would vex a living
King to appease a livelesse
Trunke, and rather obey a
Block then a Storke. But
Sichæus stands in competi-
tion with Carthage. Oh
unequall ballance! a wo-
manish fancy poiz'd against
a publick good. What other
reason then had she to burn,
but because shee would not
marry?

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THEUTILLA.


*R*ance the richest embroydery of beauties, bred a maid from heaven inspir'd with all those excellencies which first made the virtues of her sexe. History writes her birth ignoble: but as it is the greatest *Sollecisme* in honour for high blouds not to flow into high attempts: so it is a reall ennobling of meanesse of birth to be guilty of more then noble
 acti-

actions. Nobility and beautie are a fair varnish of vertue, the lively shadows of that unseen substance, which were it visible, nothing so lovely: but being the true *Idea* of the mind, cannot bee discern'd with the eyes of the body. Without this (so much of nothing hath the unworthy honourable) they are but the complements of man, serve onely to fill up this vast vacuum of honour. She basely noble, not nobly base, born under a smoak-dried roof; which though of it selfe it receiv'd no more of heavens influence then through the loope-holes made by the rage there-

thereof; yet her presence made perpetual day. But let her birth bee strangled in the wombe of History. Shee was Natures fairest paper, not compounded of the rags of common mortality: but so searsed and refined, that it could receive no impression but that of spotlesse innocence. How unfortunate had her beauty been, had shee had no other championesse then her selfe, the sequell of *Theutilla* will declare.

Amalius, Dynasta of France, rich in treasure, magnificent in retinue, Lord of all the world admires, but himselfe, which hee most admires; there
was

was no deity to whom hee should owe his fortune, but his unworthinesse: for he was more hospitable to himselfe then to others, and freelyer feasted his senses then strangers. In summe, hee was what a vertuous man is not, what a voluptuous man should be. It hapned one time, the time pointed at in Chronicle; when his soul (the slave of his sense) dancing and floating like a toast in his wine, was seiz'd on by sleepe; the wine it selfe had paid the drawer of his wine his appetite. Then was he quiet, when hee was dead drunk. How fruitlesly were spent those thousand
lamps

lamps of oyl? those thousand pen-plowed reams of paper about the immortality of the soule? Who hath a soule that will not here question it? what is become of it? is it onely for this interim metamorphized into a beast? or doth it die? if into a beast, since the prince of man, let it bee transmigrated into the prince of beasts, the Prince's beast. Who so sottish, so grosse of conceit, to think the Lyon, a creature of that invincible valour, and now commanded by reason; having rescued so faire a Lady from so foul tyranny, will transgresse the lawes of honour, let
F her

her loose to her losse of liberty, her loathsome dungeon? Or doth she die? or will you mince it into an intervallum of life, a three hours death? it then followes, the soule thus dying will dye eternally. But to returne to *Theutilla*. *Amalius* servants have made the neighbouring Villages their rendezvous; where having discovered *Theutilla*, and in her as much as the world could boast of; they ravish'd her from the weak resistance of her parents, and laden with the rich triumph of nature, returne unto their Lord, and lock her up in his lodging, whose sense and fancy was

so strongly lock'd up in
yron-sleep, hee had not
power to dreame of what
he would have acted. She
thus forfeited to disho-
nour, and night the friend
of dishonour, enjoying no
more of light then the
courteous candle, which
betraid to her eye and
hand a sword, which shee
taking to her, revolves her
present condition.

If the soule straightned
(said shee) in a necessitie
of ill-doing, must trie all
her power to gain her li-
bertie : surely shee must
not refuse any opportuni-
ty conduceable to the pre-
servation of her purity.
Death is then an honou-
rable freedome, when it

takes us from the danger
of living ill. As we came
into the world with na-
ture ; so wee must goe out
with honour ; wee must
not rest on nature for our
ends, since before her sum-
mons, thousands of ex-
tremities doe beset our
lives. There shee paus'd.
Welcome (said shee) my
deare, deare Preserver ; to
thee I owe this last, this
most glorious act of my
well-spent life ; to thee
posterity shall be as much
beholding as *Theutilla* ;
thou shalt redeem the er-
rors of after times in wo-
men. Then shee, borne
for what shee did, drew
the sword, anvil'd and fi-
led for her sexes glory :

no

no sooner (said she) have
I unsheath'd thee, but I
must sheath thee againe.
Where ? In this guilt-
lesse breast of mine. Call
up thy too degenerous
spirit. Of what bravery
can it accuse the act ?
Thou murderest a poore in-
nocent maid. Shall po-
steritie brand mee with
that weaknesse ? Shall it
say, that not able to stand
under the miseries of life,
I was press'd down by the
hard extremity of fortune
to despaire to death ? No,
my tide of furie flowes in-
to another channell ; here
is a revenge fit for thy
spirit, fit for thine arme ;
thine honour shall bee
proud to riot in his bloud,

F 3 whose

whose bloud would riot
in thine honour. Thus
then I shake off woman,
and her frailtie; thus doe
I strangle the monster lust
that revels in thy veines;
and to complete my ven-
geance, send thy sin-sur-
fettèd soule into the land
of endlesse night, where it
hath already tane sure
footing, With that, her
spirit restlesse in the re-
venge of words, eager of
action, directed her arme,
which gave *Amalius* so fa-
tall a wound, that it seem'd
her hot-metled fury was
bridled with exactest dis-
cretion, and nothing wan-
ted the attempt but pas-
sion. Bravest *Theutilla*,
sooner shall the Fathers
bow-

bowels bee silent at the
sight of his long unseen
Sonne, then posterity for-
get thy name. - *Amalius*
now miserably groaning,
now miserably opening
his eyes to shut them a-
gaine more miserably, had
little more of life then
what could give her life,
in appeasing the fury of
his servants that rushed in
to her destruction. What
means (said he) this *Chaos*
of confounding noise;
this unwelcome Traine,
to the more unwelcome
Pomp of death? Whi-
ther rush yee, yee betray-
ers of innocence, yee ser-
vants of nothing but my
lust? Oh may mine infamie
find a grave as soone

as life ; and you sooner :
that the world may want
a witnesse of it. I con-
jure you by the relation
that ties you to my com-
mands, and this last ; spare
her life, whose chastitie
the Gods are pleas'd to
spare. Then, to make
a minute of his life fa-
mous, hee contemplated
on mortality.

Nature (said hee) that
first digested this All into
an exact method of parts,
preserves it likewise by a
constant concordance of
the same , without the
which it would soone re-
solve into the first no-
thing : onely man, ungo-
vern'd man, Natures Ma-
ster-peece, revolting from
her

her allegiance, deposes
her Lieutenant Reason,
lets in the Usurper, Passi-
on, to untune the harmo-
ny that preserves the soul.
Hence is it that death,
the privation of being, in
this disorder seizes the
Fort, hurries the Gover-
nesse captive to an eter-
nall, a never redeem'd im-
prisonment. The Sunne,
the Sea, have both their
bounds, and man his stage
from life to death, of e-
quall length to all, though
one runs faster then ano-
ther. The world whirls a-
bout continually till it be
dissolv'd; and mans brain
not satisfied in the bare
necessaries of life, moves
in an unbounded motion;

till stil'd by the period of action, the undoer of Nature, Death. There is but one doore at which wee enter this Labyrinth of life : but infinite are the waies wee turne and wind out of it. The infant no sooner with much difficulty rak'd out of the wombe, (punishing the Mothers guilt of his short-liv'd misery) enters the Tombe, flashing through the world, being but a lightning of life. Pleasure or businesse wears out the riper mans vitals, and forceth out life, let Nature block it up never so strongly. The aged man, because a burden to himselfe, sinks under his
OWN

own weight. These are ordinary waies out of this world into the next : but to bee hurld out by violence of Fate, this is the doom of strictest Justice that makes eternity our curse. This is the hard fate my just merit hath encountred, to be punish'd by the sex I have so much abus'd. This was his last : for Nature, though shee could not tell him he had liv'd long enough ; told him hee had been long enough dying. There she withdrew her selfe from him, and seal'd up his eyes to the eternall sleep of eternall night.

Pro

Pro Theutilla.

R Eason is the only, and noble difference between the free and sexvile creature, and they whose actions are not moderated and well poyzed by her power, deviate from themselves into the slavery of Sense. Theutilla, if shee could obtaine of her selfe to yeeld to sense, why should not Amalius obtaine it? If to reason; why should shee not kill Amalius? or why should she be ravished? Her selfe then was Victor of her sense, and to conquer reason she conquer'd Amalius. Never had her vertue a fairer tryall, then when her honour was a martyr stak'd.

stak'd to unlawfull flames;
never could her honour bee
more honourably releived,
then by her vertue; nor
both, then by this act.
Though Vertue being with-
in her, Honour being above
her, was not to be really vio-
lated without the Theutil-
la that was below her: yet
must Amalius be sacrificed,
as well to deprive her of the
interest he might have in her
dishonour, as to make opini-
on cleare as her actions.
It was that mind that stoop'd
not to her body, that made
her of consequence; not her
beauty: the other sullied, who
but Amalius would value
this? or one whose sense is
so scattered in the admirati-
on of the outward forme,
that

that hee discernes not even those deformities of soule which are detected? It was necessary for her fame not onely to resolve not to yeeld: but to prevent occasions that might prejudice her vertue, or her honour. But why was Amalius slaine, not master of the opportunity hee knew not? why was she forc'd thither? Because shee would not yeeld; because she should bee ravished. But haply her handsome prayers had wrought him to an handsome repentance. Is beauty, the loadstar that attracts hearts of steel to it, the Orator that pleads against it selfe? Amalius, had his eyes been open, had not read contradictions in her face, nor made
so

so obscure a Comment upon
so cleare a Text. Hee had
seene her but as hee had
seene her; her eyes in-
viting all eyes, her lippes all
lippes, her face Loves ban-
quet, where shee ryors in
the most luxuriant feast of
sense: not as shee was the
modell of Divine Perse-
ction, so innocent shee knew
not the meaning of a Mi-
stris. Theutilla, had she
had no other Sword but
her innocence, might sa-
tisfie her selfe in that de-
fence: but Conscience is
but one witnesse to one,
and her actions must en-
dure the triall of ano-
ther touch-stone beside her
owne. Amalius would ea-
sily confront her meane-
nesse.

nesse. Then allow her this great revenge of little innocence.

Contra Theutillam.

A Mind well habited to vertue, enjoyes all true content within it self, knowing nothing without it to transport it from it selfe. why should she then strain her vertue to a vice; in the too nice satisfaction of others, unsatisfie her selfe? why should shee, to prevent unlawfull love, ad a more unlawfull revenge? why should shee revenge an unacted injury; commit a certain murder, to avoid an uncertain

certain rape? Had she been absolutely tyed either to die, kill, or be ravished; she had shewed a greater height of spirit in enduring, then revenging her dishonour. For the passive valour is more laudable then the active: this being often the fruit of a desperate, dejected; that ever of a well-settled mind. Her valour was her crime, her cowardize: for as shee had the false spirit of a man, unjustly to kill a man: so had shee the true false spirit of a woman, to act a greater, lest she should sinke under a lesser evill. Perhaps glorie transported her to an attempt (as shee flattered her self) above a man: did shee not alſo descend into the cruell

*ell weaknesse of her sexe, slay
a man that had already paid
earnest to a sleep never to
awake, that had already
pawn'd himselfe to Death?
Did she not goe lower, sacri-
fice his soule to the furie of
furies, her selfe? whither
did her blind rage lead her,
to punish innocence, to salve
her honour that was not
wounded? This act carries
little Valour in it, lesse
Vertue.*

CYPR I-



CYPRIANA.

TH E Iland *Cyprus*,
 Natures choycest
 storehouse, where
 she had reposed the chie-
 fest blessings of the earth,
 flowing in wealth, the
 wantonizer of the mind,
 and by it once dedicated
 to the Queen of Love,
 courted and feared of the
 neighbouring Nations :
 while secure in her owne
 height ; the *Othomannick*
 Army, infinite in number,
 invincible in valour, un-
 ap-

appeas'd by cruelty, breaks
in like a sea, that threa-
tens to eat her into ano-
ther Iland, if not devour
her. Christianity was their
crime, a wrong proud e-
nough to unsheath a Tur-
kish blade; life was their
greatest guilt, which must
bee wip'd off by cruell
death. That which to na-
ture was preposterous, the
souldier made methodi-
call; the infant torn from
the mothers brest, was
mangled into as many a-
tomes as it had lived mi-
nutes, and hewed out into
more Sacrifices then it
had sins: if sorrow was
too weak to conquer the
surviving distressed mo-
ther; the sword (therein
cour-

courteous) supplied it,
and intomb'd both in the
wombe from whence they
did unfortunately spring.
Wives and Maids were
first ravish'd , then slaine
for adultery. Father and
Daughter, Mother and
Sonne , Brother and Si-
ster were all incestuously
piled up ; there was no-
thing wanting but new
lives to satisfie the guilt
of death. The Iland was
an heape of carkasses in
despaire of being repeo-
pled but by Cannibals or
Crows. Was ever cru-
elty so barbarously ex-
press'd? Was ever steel re-
fin'd for such cruelty? *Ma-*
stapha having almost dis-
limb'd the Iland, bends
his

his fury to the head ; besiegeth *Salamina* , renowned for rich Citizens , brave Buildings , and stately Temples ; erected by the *Telamonian Teucer* , during the Trojan sieige. *Dandalus* the Governour , forc'd to submit himselfe to the Turkish yoke , after exquisite tortures , is beheaded ; and to strike a greater terrour in the survivors , his head is carryed upon the point of a sword through the razed Citie. *Nero* had here scene his cruell wish accomplish'd , the head of thousands of heads strooke off at one blow. The highest rate the Citizen could amount to , was too cheap for the secu-

securitie of life, where innocence was punish'd in stead of treason. *Mustapha*, his sword now surfett'd in humane blood, spurs on his sacrilegious furie to revenge him of the Gods: he razeth the Temples, whither the wretched *Salaminians* were fled for refuge; the Altars are profan'd; *Hymens* holy Tapers are lighted to rapes and adulteries at the very Altars. Murders are their Sacrifices; innocent lives drop like beades from their bloody hands, their more bloody devotions. Good Heaven! where is your thunder? awake your sleeping armory: is not your whole Hoast

Hoast blasphem'd? Good Earth! where is thy Earthquake? cannot these monsters move thee? The consecrated vessels are prophan'd to servile uses. The shrines of Saints that call'd the adoration of farthest Pilgrims, are demolish'd; all, holy, and prophane, are miscellaneously sacrific'd to fire and sword. *Mustapha*, his rage and avarice appeas'd, be-thinks him of a present to appease *Selimus* his Masters lusts; he sends captive the choicest beauties of both sexes (doom'd to another destinie) to the distain'd Carpathian Sea, where his fleet lay at anchor. The captives ship'd, and

and ready to be waisted in
their owne bloud to *By-*
zantium ; when the di-
vinely inspired *Cypriana*
wrought the miracle, wor-
thy the memory of all
time. Shee, servilly im-
ployed in the powder-of-
fice, with a Countenance
that gave a majesty to her
miserie, and scorn'd the
subjection of sorrow ; re-
solves a powder-treason :
a candle shee had flaming
in her hand ; but a purer
flame shot from heaven
into her breast : from no
other place could so gene-
rous a mind be fired. This
fire (said shee) purer then
the element of fire, shall
both burne and cure, shall
extinguish the lurking in-

G

flam-

flamimations of lust. Nothing of *Cyprus* shall bee transported to *Byzantium* but my fame, powerfull to perfume the contagion of their sin. O Heaven! to thee, the Sanctuary of innocence, flies my untainted soule : if my spirit enlightned by thine, act thy vengeance, thy mercy reward mee ; if I transgresse thy Commis- sion, if I let out my life before thou requirest it : pardon the weaknesse of my vertue, pardon her that sacrificeth her self a spot- lesse creature to thy most sacred throne. If thy justice exclude mee thy pitie, oh pitie these innocents; rain all thy revenge
on

on mee, burie my name
from the discovery of po-
sterity; let not them, be-
cause they feel my fate,
feel thy vengeance. Then
gave shee fire to the Pow-
der, that knew as little
mercie as the *Turke*. The
Masts and Sailes were
hoysed nearer the Skies,
then when the boysterous
element conspires a ship-
wrack; the ribs torn from
the body, flew like mur-
dering shot through the
next ship; where the un-
quench'd pitch seized the
powder, so that both were
swallowed by the same
fate. Into these two ships
were congested the Prime
of the Turkish Souldiery,
the Cyprian captivitie

dispatch'd by *Mustapha* to *Selimus* at *Byzantium*. The miserable Salaminians now upon the shore, paying the last office of affection, to see the last of their wives and children, were more delighted then terrified at the spectacle ; they look'd on death not as a punishment ; but as the most honourable divorce, and last refuge of honour. Death had in it more courtesie then horreur : for as it was the last, so it was the least of their evils. Did they weepe at their misfortunes ? so did the Sea : with a generall acclamation they thank'd the Gods that had heard their

their prayers , desiring
their friends should bee
rather a prey to the mer-
cileſſe waves, then *Selimus*
luſts , for which , by the
miſfortune of beauty, they
were reſerv'd untouch'd.
Muſtapha now again whets
his ſword , which before
revenge had dull'd ; there
was not a life that was
not his prey, till hee had
left the Iland breathleſſe ;
then , like a Tyger be-
ſmeard in the bloud of
tamer beaſts, hee returnes
to his Fleet ; and laden
with the ſpoiles of the
Countrey, but moſt with
infamie, hoyſeth Sailes to
Bzyantium. Now is he in
the *Carpathian* ſea; where
may hee ſee nothing but

monsters ugly as himself;
may wind and water roar
to him the name of bloud.
If sleepe--charming-care
steal on his restless mind;
may the Cyprian Ghosts
awake him: may every mi-
nute bee feare of endlesse
death, and may his sinne
fright away his repen-
tance: then in view of the
Byzantium Towers, the
great *Seraglio*, and his
own Pallace; may he bee
betrayd by his nearest
friend to a rock that splits
him; from thence let him
sink into the lowest dun-
geon of *Avernus*.

Pro

Pro Cypriana.

TH E Countrey is wasted
and spoyled of her ri-
ches : but honour is shipp'd
up a prisoner to Byzanti-
um. Is there no refuge ;
no redemption ? sword and
fire can preserve this, as well
as sword and fire consume
the other. Policie allowes
not captivitie a sword : but
crueltie allowes her a can-
dle, the clearer to see her sla-
very. Ignorance is the hap-
pinesse of misery which is
not felt before it bee under-
stood. Had Cypriana a

G 4 slavish

slavish mind in a slavish body, shee had owed her attempt to fortune, not to virtue; and merited more scorn then praise : but Nature that gave her a soule above her sexe, studied a discretion proportionable to manage it. Had shee well weighed, alwaies to redeem her honour with honour ; she could not better informe , or in a more ingenuous way relieve her selfe , then to make the embleme of her slavery the instrument of her freedome ; her justice was wittie , to punish the Turke by the same means he had punish'd them. Was it their misery, or their cruelty to which she owed her life ? Shee was halde from a glorious death,
to

to an ignominious life, to an inglorious death. Shee was captivated by her owne beauty, and felt the greatest tyranny of it her selfe, why then also should her greatest offender bee unpunish'd? shee did not kill her selfe for feare of the Turke: for her brest was arm'd to meet death in any shape of horror, shee had before beheld him unaffrighted in all his ghastly formes. Life was below her honour; her honour not above her friends, which nor life, nor death shall divorce from her affection. As they had accompanied her to her slavery: so it was equall to her libertie. Unworthy is she of life, that lives by unworthinesse;

unworthy is she of an handsome death, that seeks it by an ignominious life : but shee soared to the height of glory : for shee would not goe a voluntary slave to her dishonour, when death might releve her : but shee died, and in her selfe bequeath'd three wonders to the world ; a free Slave, a vertuous Prostitute, and an innocent Murderesse.

Contra Cyprianam.

VVether was the Turk or shee more cruell & he slew his enemies, and strangers : shee, her friends, kindred, and her selfe

self: Had she life to revenge
it with self-murder? or were
she wrongd by another, must
she therefore be reveng'd on
her selfe? Was a life freely
given bought at too dear a
rate? or because shee might
feel their power, must she use
her owne? What was it that
look'd on her more terrible
then death, or that she look'd
on through a multiplying
glasse? was it slavery? that
is the common fate of ver-
tue, that stands unmov'd by
misery, unshaken by despair.
Had the Turk slaine her, he
had not depriv'd the world
of the opinion of her vertue:
but the very substance is
shipwrack'd by her selfe. The
Turks cruelty was her cour-
tesie: for though hee tr

unpleas'd

umph'd over her ; yet hee
gave her the opportunity to
triumph over misery, and
shew that height of spirit
that scornes any thing with-
out her should afflict her :
but shee disdain'd to bee be-
holding to their courtesie, or
her owne vertue. Was dis-
honour the thing beyond
death or captivity ? had she
asmuch of woman as not to
feare a death from her selfe,
and not asmuch , as not to
feare a dishonour from ano-
ther ? Could shee hate her
vertue, and her sin ? could
she better revenge her of her
vertue, then by her disho-
nour ? why should she feare
what might befall her in life,
who was regardlesse what
might befall her after death.

Then

*Then was slavery the terrible, joyn'd with dishonour
her twin sister. Had she been
transported to a Nunnery,
where vertue is necessitated,
had not that been a slavery?
would not her will break in-
to a thousand sins, who broke
through life into a false li-
berty? But lesse then death,
slavery, or dishonour, onely
sense of her dishonour de-
priv'd her of her sense; why
should she be affrighted by a
shadow, when her sense could
bee wrong'd by none but her
selfe?*



ARETAPHILA.

Aretaphila, a Cyrenæan, the last rank'd in these Stories, but first in my thoughts, which by the order of birth may claim the priviledge to do wonders. As some things are lesse curiously perform'd which are ordain'd for common use, not for the ornament or wonder of the world: so have I, like a French Volunteir on a Lute, all this while scatter'd slight aires, which
may

may perchance surprize an indifferent eye : but now like the glasse that twists the Sun-beames to steale fire from heaven , I must in writing her , so lessen and contract so much of her as may sinke into our narrow faith, or narrower reason. If our Poets prophanely rake heaven for comparisn, for each part of a rotten Mistris that shall nere bee part of it ; one whom sinne , to prevent age, hath carcass'd in her cradle: to what heights must I ascend to reach a Subject fit for all fancy to work, not play upon ; one that is above all heights ? Sometimes she is pleas'd to stoop to bee admir'd, ador'd ;

ador'd ; not that shee
falls lower to rebound
higher : but that wee are
admir'd for admiring her,
and we her prisoners feast
our selves with the frag-
mentarie offalls of her
Fame. Thus doe I ad-
mire her, till I admire my
selfe out of breath ; then
shee beckens to my soule
(the reason I cannot
reach ; but I obey) to
come, whither I will not
tell you : but now I am
return'd a re-transmigra-
ted-mountebank-Pedler ,
I will open to your Op-
ticks that which shall pur-
blind the whole art ; at
your two nostrils you shal
snuffe in both the Indies ;
for your pallats, (because
the

the cleaneſt feeders are the
cleaneſt meat) you ſhall
have the whole ſect of E-
picures; if their opinions
ſtick in your ſtomacks,
you ſhall take all the
ſumes of *Arabia* in a To-
bacco-pipe to concoct
them : Here is that will
chaine your eare to the
perpetuall ſound of *Aretaphila*: For your touch,
are you a *Midas* ? here is
a Diamond ſet in gold,
within two dayes it will
bee a *Rhodian* Coloffe;
then will it magnifie to
an *Eſcuriall* ; then to a
World ; then to tenne
Worlds; then to *Aretaphila*: thus Fortune blows
dutt up to a Lady, then to
a Counteſſe, then to a
Queen:

Queen : thus Gold and Diamonds at length come to be *Aretaphila*, in whose name they have been valued. Please you to look into this inward Drawer, you shall see all the secrets of nature, that have befool'd the grand Clarks of all the World. Here shall you see reason for the ebb and flow of Seas, and of an Ague that resembles it ; here shall you see the wrack of your bodies wracks, how he is the onely Physician of himselfe. The wounded Roman State, like a broken Tobacco-pipe, was cured by bloud. Warre cures the Turkish Lethargie. The Ægyptian Dropisie is cured

cured by drinking ; one month in a year the whole Countrey is drunk. The Plague cures *Grand-Cairo* of her diseases of repletion : but the Ague onely an Ague. It is an opinion of some, that every particular person hath two Angels, one waits at his right hand, the other at his left ; this left-handed Devill is the thing we speake of ; if wee bee fairely dispossesse of him, we may say, the better Angell hath got the victory : but if by the *holiogopheron hotontiperistaton*, one Devill drives out another. Here you see this little little Pepper-corn ; Princes are captives, Emperours

roure are subjects to this
Pymee-tyrant , this is
Love. Let him be pitied,
he swells higher then *At-*
las ; heaven and earth is
not a load for his little
finger. Let him be scorn'd,
then (like a Prince's ca-
shier'd Favourite) hee is
frown'd from a Duke to a
malecontented Gentle-
man ; then hee crosseth
his crossed armes , and
looks upon his fate with
that regret a younger
Brother in the Low-coun-
tries doth his followers ,
who make his misery their
food, and are the onely
flatterers of low fortunes;
the little winke re-rears
the other ; four stivers in
hot water defends this
from

from the world, and which is worse, himselfe. Love hath been a tenant to this heart for many years, and hath now left it like a Farme in the eighteenth yeare, plowed up and harrowed out of heart; under three years sleep it wil not again be tenantable. Here you may see the braine working like a Powder-mill, let the brasse be overwrought, he is blown up; and the rest of man is as confused as a beleagured Towne: screy him not up like a treble Lute-string, in a storme, to a French tune, and he will shew you the wonders of heaven so distinctly, that you shall confute a whole kennell of

of *Almanacks*. But oh!
whilst I am quacking, my
Aretaphila is fled ; fled
like the last age ; or fa-
ster, like yesterday ; and
my soul, like a skie-climb-
ing Falcon , sprited as
the ayre shee flies in, hath
gotten height, and wind,
and thinkes to seize her :
but oh ! shee is height-
ned into the incompre-
hensible ; shee is lessened
into the invisible ; shee
is greatned to the un-by-
any--fancie--fathomable.
Shall we aske Sense what
she is ? Sense will tell us ;
her face is the unclouded
Welkin in the infancy of
day : her eyes the Sunne
and Moon that sleepe by
turnes, lest they should
leave

leave the World in dark-
nesse : her tongue the har-
mony of Sphears and Na-
ture : her brests Heavens
milkie way, spangled with
azure Starres : her armes
Castor and *Pollux* : her o-
ther parts, because of low-
er function, are but the
Symmetry of all the beau-
ties of her sexe : shee is
too much first to have a-
ny second; from the third,
fourth, and fifth forme of
women, from a million, or
all of them you may take
some piece of her, not all,
for she herself is the All.
Aske Reason what shee
is ; Reason will tell you,
shee is her Directresse ,
that shee keeps the ele-
ments at peace within us :
our

our fire she confines to religious zeale, and suffers it not to inflame either to lust or superstition : our watry element shee hath design'd to quench unlawfull flames: our sighs to drie our blubbred eyes, when teares have tyred them : our earth like the earth to tread upon, or make no other account of it then of a skin-purse that holds ten thousand pound : the money outed, the purse is laid aside till it bee refill'd by the same treasure. Aske Faith what shee is : Faith that ties us morally to riddles, religiously to mysteries ; and Faith will tell you, shee hath yours, and mine,

H

&

& an hundred other soules in one soule : nor doth her soule receive extension : for a soule fills no roome, though shee bee all over the body, and she all over ours ; yet none knowes where, nor how. If, with some Philosophers we will give them but such dimensions, that twenty of them cannot stand upon the point of a needle ; then may it follow that two or three thousand of them may bee circumscrib'd (in which compasse I think so many misers soules may) in a locall inch : if they have any dimensions, they may bee circumscrib'd ; if circumscrib'd, then followes the

the unheard-of absurdity,
that they are bodies. We
are circumscriptive; other
Angels definitive: but
her, immortall fame hath
made ubiquitous, and re-
pletive. There are orders
of Angels, the first of
higher knowledge, be-
cause of nobler function;
the knowledge of the se-
cond but derived from
the first; yet those and
these Angels know no
more of each other then
they are pleas'd to reveale
to one another: but shee,
first of the first ranke,
knowes all of them and us,
and wee weakely enlight-
ned, have so much of her,
as the watry elements of
the Sun, but bare reflecti-

on. Some Angels protect Cities, others Countries; but the noblest are Guardians to us frail and mortall men ; all these offices were by her undergone on earth ; to what high flights of exercise is shee now soared ? But I must stoop, and draw neer her into her low estate. Faith tels us she stands one contrary without another : were there, or were there no night : yet were shee an everlasting day. Were there none bad : yet were shee unparalleledly good. Were there any or none to be compar'd to her : yet were she superlative. All of her is an even proportion of extremes. Faith tels
us,

us, now she is beyond our apprehension, that shee is nothing, yet all of every thing. But now since she is, let us see what made her this all; she was Wife to *Phedimus*, a *Cyrenean* Citizen. As when we see the Eastern Morn shoot his fiery-pointed darts, we say they are the Tipstaves to usher into the World the approaching Sonne; presently we see him selfe attended by his Page, the Day; anon he goes to bed, then it is night: So shall you see the *Aretaphila* in her glimmering, Wife to *Phedimus*; then in the bright of day, Queen and protectresse of the *Cyreneans*; after that her re-

H 3 turne

turne to the solitary di-
stasse: then like a man that
hath lost the other eye,
I'll bid good night to all
the World. *Nicocrates*
the Tyrant having made
the sword his Oratour to
plead his Title, usurp'd do-
minion over the *Cyrene-
ans*; among other his blou-
dy butcheries, hee put to
death the innocent *Phedi-
mus*; and then forc'd the
incomparable *Aretaphila*
to be his Queen. She re-
senting the publick cala-
mities more then her pri-
vate injuries, meditates a
remedy for both, and by
advise of her nearest
friends, attempts the poy-
soning of the King. The
Tyrant had an old woman

to

to his mother, named *Cal-*
bia; this carcasſe, a better
name I can hardly afford
her outside, was the inside
of a Sepulchre; her head
was unthatch'd as an old
Parſonage; her eyes (like
lights at the laſt ſnuffe,
when the extinguiſher is
readie to make their Epi-
taphs) ſunk low into their
candleſticks; her eares
now deaf, now happy (ſuch
was her tongue) they have
loſt their ſenſe; her noſe
worm'd like a peice of
Hamer of the firſt kind,
offended with her breath,
bowed to her chinne to
damme it up; her cheeks
hol'd as the earth in dog-
dayes drouth; her lips fit
to bee kiſſ'd by none but

by themselves ; her teeth rotten as her soul, hollow as her heart, loose as the shingles of an old silenc'd steeple, scragged as a dis-parked pale, stood at that distance one could not bite another ; her tongue so weakly guarded, scolds like the alarm of a clock ; her chin was down'd with a *China* beard of twenty haire ; her brest lanke as a quicksand, wasted as an hour-glasse at the eleventh use ; one arme, one legge, one foot shee doff'd with day, and as a resurrection, dond with the morrow ; her bones (pithlesse as a Stallion for seven Posterities) the slightest feares might now make rattle in
her

her skinne; herbody (wasted to no waste, blasted with lust as an Oak with lightning) was as familiar with diseases, as a Physician: to conclude; she is odious beyond all comparison: one sight of her would make the heat of youth recoil into an infant continence. Yet she maintaines two Painters & three Apothecaries to maintain this old-old ugliness, as the rare thing shee hath been these fourscore yeares in getting. But I have too long, like a Sexton, convers'd with rottenness. She was *Calbia*, and in that, her soule was a wel acquainted with sin as a Confessor: shee

H 5, was

was *Nicocrates* Mother ,
 and in that name she car-
 ried to the faire and ver-
 tuous *Aretaphila*, the envy
 of age, the wormwood of
 a mother-in-law; a word
 that is the originall that
 signifies all that is ill in
 the sexe : yet for the re-
 liefe of some few particu-
 lars, read it like Hebrew,
 and it yeelds something
 that is good. This *Calbia*
 discovers the poison-plot.
 Then, as eagerly as my
 young Master in the
 Countrey fastens on the
 red-Decre-pie (tougher
 then *Drakes* biskets that
 went round the world,
 hoary as *Methusalem*) en-
 tailed by his Grandfire to
 the house for ever; shee
 seizes

seizes
 into
 ping
 nails
 law,
 cure
 Goa
 bring
 inter
 on,
 tures
 Oh,t
 piad
 in th
 eyes
 all R
 raise
 his g
 Fien
 rubi
 shou
 then
 exor

seizes the faire *Aretaphila*
into her tallons, more gri-
ping then poverty it selfe;
nails that scratch like the
law, and are as good a
cure for the itch as the
Goale for theeves; her she
brings to the rack, there
intending, after confessi-
on, with most subtle tor-
tures to let out her life.
Oh, that Love in his Olym-
piads should bee drown'd
in those faire eyes! those
eyes, more eloquent then
all Rhetorick, that would
raise an Anchoret from
his grave, and turne the
Fiend *Fury* into the Che-
rubin *Pity*, that those eyes
should be of no other use
then to vent sorrow to in-
exorable ears! that those
white

white and red roses (which
 no rain but what fell from
 those heavenly eies) could
 colour or sweeten, should
 wither in their prime !
 those lips that stain the
 rubies, and make the roses
 blush ! those lips that
 command the scarlet-co-
 loured morn into a cloud
 to hide his shame, should
 kisse a mercilesse and si-
 new-sundring rack ! that
 breath which makes us all
 Chamæ lions should bee
 wasted into unregarded
 sighs ! that those breasts
 eternally chaste, and white
 as the Alps ; those legs,
 columnes of the fairest
Parian marble, columnes
 that support this monu-
 ment of all pens, should
 be

bee stretch'd
 • mies ! that he
 would call a
 heaven into it,
 mangled like
 hath hang'd
 these three ye
 skin, smooth
 of youth, soft
 violets ; whi
 queen of inno
 as the bean-bl
 terraine ; tha
 the casket of
 the karkanet
 should be jag
 with that rem
 tic we comm
 upon a scare-
 long racking,
 saw shee co
 confession ;
 more torment

etch'd into anato-
that her body that
call a soule from
into it, should bee
ed like one that
hang'd in chaines
three years! that her
smooth as the face
th, soft as a bed of
, white as the
of innocence, sweet
bean-blossomes af-
le; that that skin,
cket of that body,
kanet of that soul,
be jag'd and torne
that remorselesse pi-
commonly bestow
a scare-crow ! After
tacking, when *Calbia*
nee could rack no
sion ; then when
torment would have
been

been a reliefe; she was taken down from the rack, and her body was pinn'd, as an unwelcome courtesie, upon her soule. Thus noble and pious guilt is twin-brother, and carries the same face with innocence: so was she spirited, that those tortures could scarce trie her patience, lesse her truth; and though *Calbia* was not fully possess'd of any course to put her to death; yet had shee cruelty enough to doe worse then kill her to make a cause. But, *Aretaphila*, though her Countries liberty, and her owne honour lifted higher then the flatteries of life, or feare of death; resolv'd in
spite

spite of cruelty or fate, to live whilst shee had offred *Nicocrates* and *Calbia* to her oppress'd Countries rage : therefore the second time she was brought to the rack, when fearing she should be sacrific'd to *Calbia*, not *Calbia* to *Cyrenaea*, to calm *Nicocrates*, shee thus bespake him:

Great Sir, when you were pleas'd to lift my humble fortunes up to those glories that willingly engage a womans pride; when by kind fate, and kinder *Nicocrates*, I was snatch'd from base private arms, to the embraces of a Prince: were these cheeks dy'd into ingratitude and crueltie to make them lovely?

lovely? can your brest harbour such a thought; that this brest which you were pleas'd to think worthy to harbour yours, can swell with those two monsters abandon'd by the most infamous of our sexe? But since (such is my hard fortune) I am reduc'd to that misery as to defend mine innocence; hear me *Nicocrates*; not that I beg life; for I scorne to stoop (now I am suspected) so low as to take it honourably. This potion (which the comments of envie interpreted a poyson) is a confection, not of *Cantharides* for thy lust: but of all those ingredients that may strengthen vertuous

tuous love. This true innocence had no design upon thy life, which (oh thou all-seeing Skie witness) I value as much above mine owne, as mine honour above mine enemy: but fearing lest like a needle betweene two loadstarres, the stronger might attract thee; and my unworthinesse (how happy am I in it since it pleads mine innocence!) might betray me to a worthy Love; I devis'd this potion to make thy love lasting as mine, which else would soon consume, fed with such withred fewell as this poore declining face; this face that can boast nothing but her sorrow,

row, which (since deriv'd
from you) is most wel-
come to these eyes, and
is receiv'd as your Em-
bassadour, into this heart-
lesse heart. Oh let these
tears for ever drown these
eyes! oh let this sorrow
sacrifice this innocent
heart in all her glory to
the great *Nicocrates*! oh
let *Aretaphila*, the *Areta-*
phila that is (since she) —

There (though no
tongue could praise her
but her owne) the Tyrant
impatient (such oratory
have teares in a faire face)
to heare more, tearing his
haire, his rage too hastie
to be silent; hee express'd
as much spleen to *Calbia*,
as shee to *Aretaphila*.
What

What furies (said hee)
fled from their black regi-
on have posselt thy black-
er soule (fit to lend rage
to all the horrid hagg of
Tartarie) to act a deed,
which, oh you Heavens!
can you behold without
raine and thunder, your
combin'd sorrow & rage?
can you rend the clouds
which are but the suck'd
up vapours of the earth;
and not her that takes in
all the poysonous sin of
hell to fortifie her wick-
ednesse? Accurs'd fury!
cur'd from the cradle to
the tombe, cur'd above
all that ever Heaven and
Earth yet cur'd! May all
the sins of me, my Name,
and House returne into
thy

thy venom'd soule, till they have press'd it into the low despaire of nere-below-repenting sinners. Then in his fury, too great for more words; he had rack'd his Mother *Calbia*; had not the vertuous *Aretaphila* stepp'd in betweene him and his revenge. *Nicocrates* now gladly possesse of her innocence, endeavours by studied favours to raze out all the injuries imprinted on her body and her soule: but shee like an Anvile, too much heated by the last blowes to coole suddenly; meditates upon another, and more safe way for the Tyrants death. She had a Daughter, every way exactly

exactly perfect, for she was Daughter to *Aretaphila*. The Tyrant had a brother called *Leander*; you have already all that commends him; hee was an haire-braind, wild-headed, unrein'd young man; one whom lust or ambition might flatter into the most desperate attempts. *Aretaphila* wrought so far with the King, that a match between her *Hero-Daughter* and the young *Leander* was by his consent concluded; her shee counsels to insinuate into her Husbands rashnesse, and perswade him (and oh what will not this pestiferous night-geare doe!) to besiege his brothers Crown.

Crown. *Leander* not contented with the Kingdome hee enjoyd in her; thought now nothing lesse then to raise himselfe as high as his ambition, brib'd his Swiz--servant *Diapheries*, who in the first nick of opportunitie murthred *Nicocrates*. Whither do these crowns and scepters, the worlds *magnalia*, but indeed the balls of Fortune, hurrie thee, fond *Leander*? thou hast not kill'd the Tyrant for the Countrey: but slaine thy brother for the Crowne. Through how many restless nights, and lesse restless thoughts do we encounter these sweet-bitter joyes: and as the
more

more we graspe the water
into our hands, the lesse
wee hold: so is content
the farther from us, the
more we seeke it in these
fading glories of the
World; which like an *ignis fatuus*, first lights us
through wild untrodden
pathes unto themselves;
then through vaste ayrie
thoughts they lead us up
to that precipice, from
whence we fall, and there
they leave us. *Aretaphila*
could not appease her re-
venge till she had pluck'd
up the Tyrant by the
roots. First shee incenc'd
the Citizens against *Lean-
der*, the Traitour to his
Prince, the parricide of
his Countrey, the fratri-
cide,

cide, and lastly the murther of her Husband. They with one consent adjudged him to bee sowed up into a sack, and cast into the sea. Then judgement proceeded to *Calbia*, whom they condemned to the fire, and shee was burnt alive. *Diapheries* not worth naming, and therefore I think not worth hanging, the *Storie* mentions not his punishment. The *Cyreneans* now prostrate their lives and fortunes to the devotion of *Aretaphila*, that was owner of them both; they offer her divine honours, and beseech her to take further protection of the Countrey. But she who to doe her Countrey service

service, could subdue her thoughts to be a Queen; can fall from that height, to rise above all Crowns, into her owne content; she shaking off those glorious loades of State, retired from all the crowding tumults of the Court, into a solitary and truely happy countrey-condition; there to spinne out her thread of life at her homely distaffe: where we will leave her a veryer wonder then the *Phoenix* in the Desart, the alone Paragon of all peerlesse perfections. Her actions (so above the criticisme of my purblind judgement) I am not able to comprehend, much lesse

I

con-

contradict, or controvert.
I am silent, lest you should
passe that censure upon
me for her; which *Famianus Strada* did upon *Horace* for *Plautus*; that my
judgement is *judicium sine*
judicio.

FINIS.

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beat
eter
scie
whi



He Heroïna hath nothing of woman in her but her sex, nothing of sex but her body, and that dispos'd to serve, not rule her better part. It is as Nature left it, neglectfull, not negligent ; neat, not stretch'd upon the tenterhookes of quaintnesse of dresse or garbe ; with Nature it decaies, with Mechanick art the ruines are not repaired. Her soule is her heaven in which she enjoyes eternall harmony : her conscience is her Sanctuary, whither, when shee is wounded,

I 2 ded,

ded she flies for refuge. Her
 affections and passions, in
 constant calme, neither flow
 nor ebb with Fortune; her
 hope is not screw'd up to am-
 bition, nor her fear dejected
 to despaire. Her joy is con-
 fin'd to smiles, her sorrow
 to teares. Prosperity is the
 type of what shee shall bee;
 Adversity, her rowling yron
 that smoothes her way to Pa-
 radise. Outward happinesse
 she owes not to her Starres,
 but her Vertue that rules
 her Stars. If shee bee lash'd
 by Fortune, it is but like a
 Toppe, not to bee set up, but
 kept upright. Religion, not
 Pride or weaknesse makes
 her chaste. She understands
 not the common conceit of
 love, nor entertaines that
 fami-

famil
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 Love
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 Love
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 sted to
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 be So
 Shee

familiarity with man that
 hee may hope it. Flattery, the
 inseparable companion of
 Love, she scorns, though she
 cannot flatter her selfe. If
 Love enter her breast, it is
 in the most noble way dire-
 cted to the beauty, neereſt the
 moſt perfect beauty. If ſhee
 marry, it is onely to propa-
 gate; the very act tending
 thereto ſhee ſingles from the
 thought of ſinne. Vertue is
 the reward of her Vertue;
 her ſoule is not ſo ſervile, as
 to be tyed by the hope of hap-
 pineſſe, or fear of miſerie to
 bee what ſhe is: but is cleerly
 ſatisfied for doing well, that
 ſhe doth well. Shee is tempe-
 rate, that her ſoule may ſtill
 be Sovereaine of her ſenſe.
 Shee entertains pitie as an

attribute of the Divinitie,
not of her sex. Shee is wise,
because vertuous. She is va-
liant: for her conscience is
ungall'd, and can endure the
sharpest touch of tongue. If
shee bee inwrapped in the
straight that shee may sinne,
shee relies upon the highest
Providence, which forbids
her to use a remedie worse
then the evill.

FINIS.

